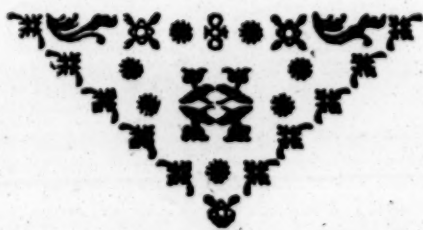


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ANOTHER
ESTIMATE
OF THE
MANNERS
AND
PRINCIPLES
OF THE
PRESENT TIMES.



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A N O T H E R

E S T I M A T E, &c.

THE utmost political sagacity having been lately employed in a critical investigation of the true present state of the nation with respect to its trade and finances, it may not, perhaps, be deemed either improper or unseasonable to lay before the Public, likewise, the result of a strict and minute enquiry into the present state of its morals; especially as the subject will probably suggest some hints and reflections which will be found to deserve attention.

Though I might safely venture to assert, in general, that England never was so immo-

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ral as at present, yet I shall support my opinion by particular proofs. From whatever combination of causes it proceeds, I know not; but though there is not a subject in these realms who does not stand up an advocate for liberty and probity, there is not a subject who is not in some respect either a slave or an impostor: a slave either to himself individually, or to others collectively; and an impostor to his own reason, or to the reason of mankind.—We seem at this amazing crisis, one and all, to be devouring each other; and, to speak my honest sentiments, I doubt the present is an age of *general hypocrisy*. — Every member of society has his mask; and no wonder: Deception is the mode, and the prevalence of example need not be remarked.—It is felt—it is seen—it overwhelms our kingdom in disgrace and infamy.

I suppose those gentlemen who stand up for the dignity of human nature will not subscribe to the above sentiment, “That the age is generally hypocritical.”—I address a question to their dignities: Are ye not in the fashion,

fashion, gentlemen? If not, what are your pretensions to infallibility?——A plain-dealer, either in a political, moral, mercantile, gentlemanly, or natural sense, is the rarest character in the world.——Duplicity is a common and rank weed, that grows more or less in every bosom. Honesty is the true sensitive plant;——and how rudely is it handled! But I must be less digressive. I propose the present moral state of the nation as the subject of my enquiry.——It is a publick, no less than a private concern.——Alas! it is an irksome undertaking.

I am averse to criticism—I hate to cavil.—Simple, single truth, in this case, will have an air of virulence, and the most honest observation be tortured into a stroke of satire;——yet it is a necessary, though a painful task.

A review of the times at this crisis cannot be unentertaining or uninstruative:——it will most strikingly evince the reality of the phrase, “generally hypocritical.”

I shall view things at the top of the scale first.

The present state of the Nobility is such, as no former æra can equal.—Their dissipation, their luxury, and venality, almost exceed belief :—their attachment to the tricks of policy—their fondness for the glare of magnificence—their inattention to merit—their partiality to the vanities and fopperies of life, and their unmanly rivalries for superiority of folly ; all concur to reduce them to an ebb which disgraces their ancestry and degrades themselves. Titles, once the signatures of honour and equity, are too commonly now the shameful badges of vileness and injustice.—I have no titular dignities, yet I venerate them when they are the ornaments of virtue.—We have some instances, and those instances are the exceptions that preserve the nation from universal degeneracy and contempt, wherein the highest human honours are placed on the wisest and best of human hearts. But I speak of generalities. The greater part of the Nobility are mean below conception, and
vitiating

vitiated beyond idea.—— I cannot calculate with the mathematical precision of the Financier-General ; but I know (and I say what I know) that a Right Honourable Rascal is no unfrequent object. Perhaps the number of them is so great, that a certain assembly, for which I entertain all possible respect, would find it no easy task to produce a dozen from the multiplicity of its members, unvenal, and, if I may use the word, unnavish.

Their public orations very rarely spring from that warm sensation, that patriotic ardour, a generous mind feels in the cause of its country. The vehement roll of periods of a British Senator is to be suspected.----Elocution is often the talent of ministerial craft.——The idle opposition in the house of —— has very often more meaning than is generally imputed to it. It is very possible for a deadly national foe to thunder a volley of unnational maxims and consultations in a stile of mellifluous persuasion, and cheat the deepest casuist of the circle.

It is not difficult for Mr. G. G——, or any other equally expert and ingenious political enchanter, to perplex by artful chicanery the plainest and most constitutional man in the world.

Against the magic of hypocritical zeal and delusive oratory, no honesty can at all times stand. Our Nobility in their public characters are generally dishonest in proportion to their popularity.——They rise to greater heights of pernicious stratagem, as they meet with unmerited preferments : and it may be observed through life, that petty villainy and (if I may call them so) the class of grovelling whipping sins are generally committed by the lowest of mankind.—— Enormous error is the privilege of Quality.——It will be no deviation from truth to say, there are but very, very few Men of Rofs among our Nobles, Do they commonly execute the public trust with that vigilance and care the nature of the charge demands ? I doubt not. Do they attend the petitions of poverty and honest calamity
agree-

agreeable to the dictates of humanity? Surely no. Are their fortunes, I mean the superfluities of it, applied generally either to compassionate or equitable uses?—Oh no! Do they not almost universally vaunt of their seductions, and boast of their successes, even though common sense considers them as scandalous below contempt? Certainly yes.

—— It must therefore be granted, that many of them are not the illustrious protectors and pillars, but the titled scourgers and heroes of mankind. —— Money misused is capable of infinite moral and natural evil; he therefore who has the greatest portion of it, has the greatest power to do the most mischief: and granting that bad nobles enjoy great estates, they are the greatest enemies to society, because to other mischiefs is added a remarkable bad and vicious example,

Nor will their private and domestic characters bear a closer inspection. — Profusion and extravagance commonly preside at their tables; —— their hearts are either untender and unparental, or indulgent to a folly.——

Their entertainments are not given so much for the pleasure of society, as for ostentation of great superbness, and for pride of envious emulation. — That gaming is not among the least of lordly faults, must be universally allowed. — In short, our Nobles are generally very ignoble, and, instead of adding to the lustre of British reputation, cannot fail inspiring the adjacent kingdoms with indignation.

The venality and corruption of Ministers is a most hackneyed tale, the burden of every scribbler's song and every essayist's essay, from Churchill to the dabbler in newspapers. — I shall not "beat the beaten track." What has been said above will be found pretty applicable to the generality of those who preside at the helm of affairs.

An honest and faithful Ministry does not distinguish these times; — nor shall we find much moral felicity among the heads of the nation.

Human happiness, after all, must spring from conscious rectitude, and the wicked are never more than negatively blest. Matrimonial

monial bliss is seldom the lot of high birth: indeed it seems to pride itself in conjugal altercation. ——— Parting beds is a fashion first instituted by some greatly guilty man ; at least I am inclined to think so. Besides, My Lady has so many clandestine meannesses for the gratification of extravagant pursuits or amusements, that she must have her secrets ; and where the husband is not the confidante, there must be disagreement. The whole should be unreserved, or the whole will be in disorder. ——— Tranquility in families must be general, or it can never be individual. ——— It is an absurdity in terms to say, “I am happy, though my wife is not ;” ——— although men of fashion seem to attain their desideratum, when their domestics are in tumults. ——— But this is, as Shakespear says, only *seem* : for I again insist, that real pleasure consists in the superior feelings of a virtuous and unadulterated conscience.

The present state of the nation then, with respect to the morals of the Nobles, is very alarming ; and, to press the matter a little farther,

farther, very shocking. — Their heads are commonly mistaken, and their hearts as frequently corrupt : and how far Society may be injured by the conjunction of obstinacy, ignorance, and error, considered in the largest extension of the sense, who can tell ?

The Distributers of Justice next claim consideration ; and I really fear they will be found at present in a state of equal venality. — The true signification of the word *Law*, seems to have been lost long ago. — It imports, if I mistake not, no more than an equitable decision of points, for the good preservation and order of human society and property. — Now, it has no such interpretation.

Our Magistrates teach us to alter it, and construe the term into a meaning not greatly to their honour. A cause is not successful in proportion as it is equitable, but as it is better feed. — This remark, however, may be thought trite. — Perhaps I can produce a few original observations, as I presume many of the preceding ones are ;
for

for though I write unconnected, and rapid, I do not write entirely from memory ; that is, from a remembrance I have of any literary predecessor.

But to return :

I observe with much indignation, that immorality is as much the fashion among the Courts of —— as in the cells of Newgate. Here Hypocrisy flourishes in all her infamous perfection.——I have seen her myself. —— Almost every member of the —— has her mark, and ought to be enrolled among her votaries. —— I have sometimes remarked it in a long-drawn drawling pleading ;— sometimes in a seemingly fair yet equivocal examination ;—— sometimes in a mercenary evidence :—— in fine, it here assumes all shapes.—The compassion of the law, and it has a great share in reality, is quite abolished. —— There appears none of its simplicity,—none of its equity, — nor any of its humanity.

Those edifices which were built for universal peace and harmony, are become the com-

common receptacles of reverend artifice : scenes in which are transacted the foulest deeds of villany, under the specious gravity of casuistical injustice, and in which right is puzzled with unnecessary intricacy, and wrong receives the gloss of artificial rectitude.

The Practitioners of the Law are, in general, too despicable for censure : yet they are perhaps the grand disturbers of human happiness.

Felicity cannot solidly exist without agreement : they who intercept it, either through an interested or an envious motive, under the unsuspected mask of fair dealing, are the most vile of public robbers.

I would sooner pardon the open assassin, who points a pistol to my throat, than the villain who sows the seeds of variance between societies, and unlinks the bonds of friendship and amity, under pretence of conciliating differences agreeable to the letter of the law.

Fie upon it, ye venerable Minos's of Britain !
I be-

I believe, that so far from espousing the cause of equity, our Lawyers have been the rankest destroyers of both Liberty, Property, and Unanimity ; that is, the good inclination between man and man.

They are in this view triple mischiefs, the Gorgons of the nation ; and whether they do not also partake the peculiar qualities of Cerberus, is not a question, but a fact, authenticated by hourly evidence, to the sorrow of the widow, the pang of the orphan, and lastly, to the frequent ruin of both client and complainant, plaintiff and defendant.

There is at this hour as much ignorance as knavery in the men of this profession : and it is difficult to say, whether our property or our privileges suffer more by the blunders of stupidity, or the subtleties of the knowing ; but from *both* these in a conspiracy against us, we are in a pitiable situation indeed !

Our Justices of the Peace are commonly as arrant blockheads as our country hedge-parsons,

parsons, as Dean Swift, not improperly, calls them.

They are absolutely ignorant of the most common points of law, and know as little of the constitution or spirit of it as their clerks, who, to do them justice, are generally the wiser of the two. Magistratical infamy is, at this time, most illustriously eminent. I need not remind my readers of instances; they are recent in every one's memory; and every man bears the testimonies of them bleeding in his heart, since the commitment of Mr. W——s.

A legal ruffian is the worst of ruffians, in proportion as publick enormity is able to do more harm than private folly.

From the preceding view of this class of men, it may be fairly concluded, That the present state of their morals is not superior to that of the Nobility and Men of Fashion. It is morally impossible for much innocence or benevolence to exist in a society, the constituents of which are either the slaves of loquacious idleness, clamorous folly, or
 licensed

licensed treachery. Indeed the viciousness of a law-hackney'd heart is not easily conjectured. — The brethren of the Bar have a sett of errors peculiarly their own : they have great originality in their crimes ; and all are securely perpetrated under the mask of hypocritical equity. — It may be adopted as a maxim, That those who distress others, however artfully, are neither moral nor happy. — The most successful Scoundrelism has its pangs, and such as are more than equivalent to its temporary transports or triumphs.

I know not any who have more ulcerated consciences than the race of mortals now under consideration. — If the fall of prosperity, the desolation of families, the disunion of friends, the destruction of estates, and the devastation of property, can overload the bosom with criminal horror, they must feel a perturbation of soul which all their eloquence cannot calm, nor any subterfuges alleviate.

But bad and cunning men have great partiality for certain opiates which bury disagreeable sensations, and human reason is some-

sometimes so perverse, that when it cannot answer the turpitude of conduct by a fair way of argument, it has a strange power of reasoning itself, by a new mode, into a persuasion, that *that* conduct is conformable to their Rule of Right. — But interest seems to be now the leading and almost universal principle of man.

To proceed.

The Divines next demand attention, and they shall be reviewed without the least fear of being charged with contempt of Clergy, or contempt of Court. I shall go on as I began, with a determined resolution to examine closely into the present real state of the nation, in order to deduce from that inspection a probable knowledge of the state of its morals among all the different degrees and ranks of its inhabitants.

And this, I presume, is an undertaking full as consequential to the Public as any scrutiny into its finances, or revenues, whatever; although the political Scrutator should discover our true money'd state to the ninety-nine hundredth part of a farthing.

An

An investigation into the morals of mankind deserves commendation.

The modern essayists have directed their enquiries, I think, in a very bungling manner; and have dissected the human heart as awkwardly as a ploughman would amputate a rotten member of his own body. — Their observations are as slovenly as their sentiments are futile. — A magazine moralist and a news-paper philosopher, who, however, are the inspectors into the affairs of the day, and the arbiters both of political and moral evil, are too often the excrescences of literature, and the miserable nuisances of the press.

I abhor their clumsy mode both of remark and intelligence. — It is my design to have no impression nor the least likeness to a feature of theirs: — They are my aversion.

I detest acrimony, but I adore Truth. She is my goddess, and I must follow her through the fields of honest enquiry.

Once more, however, I repeat, to bar all offence, that I treat entirely of generalities. — I reverence every exception, in every branch. — I shall go no farther.

Divinity is a profession very sacred, delicate, and solemn; and I feel an awe as I enter, to use the words of a great good man of the cloth, “the temple of my theme.”

But I sincerely wish I could promise myself success in this enquiry, at least. I confess I do not like the prospect.

Among the body of the Clergy one would naturally expect to find an universal harmony as well as purity of heart. — A body in which Learning, Science, and Sobriety, is thought to predominate, seems to bespeak this society, at least, exempt in the highest degree from human fallibilities.

But, alas!

“It is not their mourning suit

“Which can denote them truly.” —

Few men now draw inferences from appearance. — Hypocrisy is of antient growth, and the world thinks her no longer a curiosity.

I believe

I believe it is in general found (though it is an unusual assertion) that persons are proportionably guilty according to the vehemence with which they assert their innocence.

If this is a digression, I shall indulge myself in it a little longer, to make a few observations : yet they will not be incompatible with the principal design.

The sentiment which concludes my last period will provoke the ridicule of some, and startle others ; I will not leave it unfinished.

I must confess I think all violences are suspicious.—They are out of the road of Nature, who delights in simplicity ; every deviation from which is very much to be suspected. —A person boasting of his uncommon abstemiousness, and austerities of life, may generally be deemed a strong indication of great voluptuousness of constitution, and secret wantonness of mind. —

A woman extremely clamorous, severe in her censures on incontinency, or even prosti-

tution, as strikingly denotes amorousness and criminal warmth, if not an equal wild-fire in their own bosoms. — Mankind have a foolish aptitude to seem what they are not ; and we all, in a degree, commence hostilities against the powers of nature.

The world is most justly called a Stage. — We one and all, at some time or other in our lives, assume a character we have no natural title to.

To drop again more directly into my subject, do not all these remarks corroborate my sentiment ?

The Age, 'tis confessed in the broad sunshine of conviction, is generally hypocritical.

And of all those who play the Hypocrite with eclat, the generality of our Divines are the most successful. — They wear her deepest mask.

'Tis a severe, but, I fear, just observation, That morality is found least amongst those who profess it most. Fine talking and good acting do not often meet. A tongue of honey has generally a heart of gall. —

I ap-

I apprehend there is as much of every species of turpitude, which may fairly be laid to the charge of our Clergymen, as any other set of men existing.

I speak not of Enthusiasts : — of creatures possessed I cannot speak ;— I leave them to an higher power : but I leave them with this remark, That, of all other Hypocrites, a religious one is the most diabolically fatal ; and if, as none but an infidel or such a wretch can doubt, infernal torment is aggravated according to the heinousness of the culprit's vices, I should suppose that the hottest center of hell is assigned those wretches, whose infectious phrenzy has turned the most sacred lessons of Wisdom and Piety into blasphemy, and have made that blasphemy subservient to overwhelm the soul of Ignorance, and absorb in melancholy or frantic agony the simple heart of Credulity.

I confine myself to our orthodox Clergy.
 Their lives give the lye to their lessons.
 There is, it is true, a certain sagacious
 C 3 grimace,

grimace, a length of visage and demureness of aspect, peculiar to them : but these are deceptions.

Not the gravity of a monastic, nor the preciseness of a prude, is more fallacious than their externals of holiness. — These are, indeed, no more than a sort of flimzy gauze-covering, — the screens of churchcraft.

A Divine is a public character ; — often a public pestilence, — or a parish plague.

But this is Boy's-play : — I will look into their characters, first, as respecting society and religion ; and then as individuals, respecting their interests at home in a domestic capacity.

The charge of a congregation of human souls is no inconsiderable one ; let us see how they execute this.

The cardinal incentive to excellence is a noble and elevated example. It is a common compliment to allow the Church to lead ; but without indulging a licentious vein of jocularity, I may say, were we implicitly

plicitly to follow the foot-steps of some of its members, we might carry our complaisance rather too far, as we should be in some danger of striking into the paths of Perdition.

Their behaviour, in general, does not furnish us with many shining instances of purity ;— nor is the beauty of holiness to be learned from their practice. In their clerical character, they seldom enforce their precept by proper example, nor touch their audience with any ardour of virtuous imitation.

I dislike their mode of preaching. — It is not adopted to the purposes of devotion, as I could wish it. — There is a flatness, — a plodding uniformity of sentiment, — a triteness of admonition, and a dull dryness of argument, very ineffectual, and which can neither warm the heart, nor amuse the head ;—both which must be effected.

But it can never be effected by this mechanical way of sermonizing. Their doctrine, however, is principally moral ; but

even that is a species of morality which makes no great impression. — The true spirit of devotion is to be infused by an animated, lively, sensible, and engaging manner. Before the mind can be convinced, it is to be won,—to be made a conquest of: —the union of example with precept is a great matter.

I have said, the example of our Clergy is not warrantable either by the dictates of reason or religion. I have also given it as my opinion, That their method of conveying precept is inefficacious, and highly objectible. —To make a few additions and remarks on both :

Precept without example, is a sickly plant, which must die for want of cultivation :— example is the nurse of it.— To change the metaphor :

Precept is sometimes the bastard of a perverse heart, and sometimes of a subtle head. —It is honourable perhaps in itself, but we cannot help reflecting on its birth and father. — That reflection, though it does
not

not lessen its true and intrinsic worth, sinks it in our estimation ;—— and though it is unfortunate, the faults of the father are in this case visited on the child.

On the contrary, the sentimental offspring of a wise head and a good heart receives double power from reputation and example.——But enough of figures.

The Ecclesiastics are, however, eminent neither for good example or precept. —— The duties of their function are either utterly neglected, or miserably performed. It is true, their encouragements are not great ;—— but every man ought to have that in his own breast, which might awake him to virtue, and he ought to be stimulated to benevolence by his own feelings.

That duty which is not executed without a *bribe* has no merit in it, and the man who must be *fee'd* into honesty, can never be honest after all ; nor are all his pleas to piety more or less than insolencies, which deserve castigation.

The

The Divines are seldom more amiable in their walks of private life ; to which their popular character is most intimately attached.

There will be seen as much irregularity, folly, disorder, and irreligion, in their families and societies, as in any others.——The companionable parson is sometimes as great a libertine as any in the purlieus of St. James's.

They are in general either indolent, luxurious, or cynical characters. —— They have also a pride almost proverbially remarkable, and presume highly on the dignity of their cloth.—A certain starch singularity of behaviour, together with a formal stupidity of carriage, render them ridiculous. ——They have nothing inviting in their demeanour, — nothing elegantly easy ; — and this forbidding stiffness infects their morals. ——Their very best qualities wear an air of moroseness, and they are formidable even in the execution of the service. Religion never appears more winning than when she is dressed

ressed in smiles.— Cheerfulness and Good-nature are the handmaids of True Devotion : and Virtue herself is little regarded, when she carries a clouded brow.

Men are not to be scowled into piety, or frowned into their duty. — The delicacy of the pastoral charge is little known, and less practised.

The art of advising is the nicest task a nice mind can undertake,

A blockhead and a bungler will make nothing of it.

Our Parsons exhort us to righteousness as if they intended rather to startle than persuade, to compel than to convince us.

It is wonderful that men who have had liberal educations should be ignorant of moving the affections of the human heart.

Perhaps it is easily accounted for; and the wonder ceases, on my pausing.

The truth is, they have not made the human heart their study.— The misfortune of it is, their ideas have been cloystered in their early years, as much as their persons.

persons. They have been instructed in the jargon of disputation, and the idleness of sounding languages, while the nobler science of nature has been neglected.—Thus their minds and manners receive a kind of college-contraction, an university-narrowness, which renders them at once unsocial and pedantic all the rest of their lives.

Hence is derived that common censure ; That a parson is an unsociable Being.

I must confess I think there are some important errors in the present method of public tutorage : and I wish to see a more rational as well as useful code established. As it now stands, it will turn more fops and demagogues, than scholars or men into the World.

It also extorts from me this reflection : It is as great a seminary of turpitude and debauchery, as it is of learning or genius.

The Clergy will have few proselytes while they are either unreasonably severe, or *terribly holy* : that is, while they force their doctrine

doctrine upon us with a brutal bluntness of voice, and a savage unrefinement of air.

But a great part of them have no holiness at all;—not one grain of morality.

The sacerdotal robe too frequently conceals an heart implacable as death: too often one that is infected with every poisonous passion.

They have generally with their parishioners some petty dissensions for privilege; some mean competitions for power; or some unparsonly struggles for interest.

I said Interest. I repeat it: — it is a vice inseparable from the majority;—it is their Baal,—their Golden Calf.

I have known them contend very fiercely for their due in a brood of chickens, and wage an eternal war with a neighbour for their right in a tithe-pig.

Can any thing be more repugnant to Divinity than this quarrelsome and avaritious turn of temper?

The duties of charity, the grand burden of their doctrine, warm not their bosoms:—
they

they possess a sort of lip-deep piety, and, like other public impostors, they vociferate in favour of a Mistress for whom they have no *penchant*, except the advantage they gain from her.

This holy hypocrisy is become very general, the cheat is carried on with the most dreadful success, and we are at this hour as grossly misled by the seductions of these men, as by those in more suspected classes.

But it is an alarming circumstance, that those who should be the patterns of purity, the patrons of indigence, the redressers of injury, the promoters of generosity, and the propagators of a solid, sensible, and sacred religion, are lamentably destitute either of beneficence or piety !

It is not necessary to produce any farther instances, or to search deeper into ecclesiastical depravity. A state of their morals may be seen by casting an eye of seriousness upon life, and it may also be well conjectured by those who like not the attention of enquiry, from my observations upon them.

It

It is now time to turn my consideration to the Gentlemen of the Sword and the Sons of the Waves.

The vices and follies of these are analogous; the principal distinction lies in their different manner of acting them.

That enormity which is perpetrated by the Heroes of the Blade with all the delicate dexterity of roguery, is committed by those of the Ocean with an awkward salt-water ferocity of infamy: in other words, though their crimes are pretty much the same, one commits them with the tricks of a monkey, and the other with the brutality of a bear.

The field of Mars or the dominions of Neptune have never been thought the schools either of Wisdom or Virtue.

Indeed they are remarkably otherwise.

I shall glance first at the Military Class. But as I know they pique themselves wonderfully on the point of Honour, and (probably thro' the effervescence of courage) are violently inclined to be outrageously brave,
being

being a very irascible race, I once more, a third time, repeat, and I repeat it in capitals in this place,

THAT I TREAT ONLY OF GENERALITIES.

I honour a red coat when it covers the person of a Man ; for I have already hinted, that very despicable animals sometimes are dressed in scarlet.

The present state of the Soldiery was always bad enough ; for they are open to more complicated temptations than the rest of mankind. —But I believe they never rose so high above toleration, corrupt as they have been of late years, as in that we are in.

But it is not my method, though I have so illustrious an example before my eyes as Lord —, to condemn without any examination.

I now summon them fairly and openly to the bar, and, to borrow a phrase from the Law, “ The Lord send them a good deliverance.”

But I fear they cannot stand the trial.

Perhaps

Perhaps I ought to have paid this compliment to the Lawyers, before I examined them. But no matter : ——— I whisper it to the Critics, that I write *currente calamo* ; and if that will not soften the severity of their censure, I cannot help it.

They have, however, some reason to spare me this fault ; for they will find inaccuracies sufficient, without stigmatizing this, to supply them both with satirical and natural food for a month.

Gazzeteer and Garreteer criticks will find me a precious prize. ——— I know not how many dinners my errors may supply them with. ——— Thus is good sometimes extracted out of evil. ——— I am strongly inclined to a Shandean ramble : ——— it would spin out the work.

I am but half an author : I esteem the cheat of literature as infamous as any other common pickpocket. ——— No : ——— I will never descend to a catch-farthing-craft. ——— But I propose a Trial of Authors, if the Public favours this attempt.

D

To

To return, and be serious.

The dissipation of a military life is notorious.—The Army in general is very immoral, and very illiterate.—As Soldiers, I have not much objection to them: — their behaviour as men of arms does not come within my cognizance. But even here, in their popular capacity, I cannot forbear remarking, that sometimes pusillanimity, and a general ignorance in the art of war, renders them very unfit protectors of British liberty.

Happy, eminently happy for this nation, is it, that we have glorious living exceptions; many who, though now no more, shall remain everlasting monuments of English bravery; whom Memory shall for ever regret, and Conquest honour with a tear. Long, very long, may it be, before the chance of battle, or the decays of nature, shall deprive us of a GRANBY and his intrepid followers; those grand supporting pillars and bulwarks of the kingdom, those dauntless thunderbolts of fight. — England will
feel

feel an uncommon shock, a shock as if her best limbs were tearing away, when these resign their breath, either to accident or fate. But we have some consolation; their very names will confound the greater part of our enemies, as Patroclus terrified the Trojans in the armour of Achilles: and the remembrance of their atchievements will stimulate the brave to imitation, and make the coward blush at himself.

The Navy is blest also with these exceptions.

To the Gentlemen of the Army, considered as men, I have much general objection. — Their principles are not delicate or tender: — They ruin the peace of more families than it is easy to conceive. — Their dress seems to have a kind of fascination in it to the women, and they make it a mere engine of conquest. — They have a smartness and coxcomry of air, which, added to a romantic prettiness of prattle, wins upon the affections of female

simplicity, sometimes to their real distress :
 — often to their utter destruction.

They take a diabolical care to improve every natural and artificial prejudice.

It is difficult to say, whether they do more execution abroad or at home ; whether they make more people unhappy by besieging a town of the enemy, or one in their native country.

Upon their first arrival in new quarters, it seems to be a first point to study by what means they can most successfully contrive the snare of *general defloration*. Perhaps it is a military maxim, which, though political enough, is not altogether so honourable, to repair the ruins of war by raising troops at the expence of maiden infamy.—This method of population, however, is neither so soldier-like nor laughable as they imagine.

It is causing the birth of innumerable Beings who will entail disgrace on their unfortunate mothers ;—— it is spoiling the
 hopes

hopes of a whole, perhaps of many families; — it is creating general disorder; — it is, moreover, bringing into the world a multitude of human creatures, whose existence must be, probably, worn out in wretchedness, sorrow, and poverty, and certainly in a species of infamy: — in short, it is committing a sin which has “no relish of salvation in it.”

Their seductions of this nature engage their chief time during the suspension of arms: and I fear there are fathers and mothers whose hearts ache to a degree of distraction at this moment; and who cannot avoid wishing, however unconstitutional the wish, that the nation was involved in a perpetual war.

But their attacks are not confined to those in a state of celibacy: — the sacred ligament of the nuptial tie is no impediment.

In truth, they seem to value a conquest in proportion to the difficulty of attaining, and the crime of enjoying it. To a man of an enterprizing spirit, opposition is an in-

centive ; and to the amorous, fruition has not its genuine gust, unless there are some previous obstacles to be encountered.

The adulteries which these gentlemen occasion, and are guilty of, would, if it were possible to enumerate them, amaze the most easy belief.

Soldiers are as harmful and destructive to human happiness, as the women of the town.

They differ in Sex alone. They are the Male Prostitutes : and I wish a penal law, infinitely more severe than the vagabond act, was enacted, by which every Masculine Harlot, if he was not whipped, might be fined an hundred-fold for every seduction ; and that a badge of indelible shame might point him out from the rest of mankind to the finger of Scorn, and the hiss of Indignation.

The ease of their address, and the pleasingness of their conversation, commonly introduces them into some elegant circle. An agreeable acquaintance, with the advantage

tage of a first fair impressi^on, very soon ripens to an intimate : and intimacy is the immediate attendant on confidence. It is very rare that they do not abuse this confidence. —As their notions are narrow for the most part, they entertain no extraordinary opinion of practical honour ; of the delicacy of that finest of human connections, innocent love ; or of that great passion, only just inferior to the former, Friendship.— Their hearts have little firmness, and still less honesty. A wife is alienated from conjugal endearments by a succession of irresistible surprizes, protestations, and fopperies. — An opportunity is caught at with all the rapacity of lust ;——the fancy is fired ;——the sighs of latent inclination are fanned artfully into the ebullience of desire ;— every deviation from constancy, — every waver is watched ; — every conscientious struggle is lulled by the opiates of the softest fallacy ; ——the last blushing—faint—half-given—half-refusing moment is observed ; and in that moment is compleated a poor misguided woman's dishonour,

honour, the anguish, perhaps the desperation of an injured husband, the misery of a polluted family, and the villainous accomplishment of an inveigler's triumph.

Like a felon, they steal the woman's affections ; and like the fabled snake, they sting the bosoms of those who brought them into notice.

I would ask the unhappy parents of Britain, Whence flows the continual tear down their venerable cheeks ? — Whence the sighs which burst in agony from their aged bosoms ? — They feel these truths : in the anguish of their smitten souls they feel them.

'Tis the *Bucks* of the *Blade* also, principally, who cause the last sad effects of female credulity. Yes, I scruple not to insist, and the honest crimson flush of indignation reddens over my cheeks as I write it, — I hesitate not to insist, That they are the main-springs of a disgrace which overwhelms this kingdom : — They are the grand causes of common whoredom. —

The

The delicate will pardon the expression : —
 I mean to touch them ; and so callous are
 they to the feelings of remorse, that they
 will have no tincture of compunction, un-
 less I “ speak daggers to them.”

A large part of those females who wan-
 der in the street under all the pressures of
 nakedness, hunger, and shame, may too
 justly charge their ruin and horror to some
 dazzling, embroidered traitor, whose sword
 could never be employed in a more national
 service, than by being buried hilt-deep into
 his own cruel and treacherous heart.

Their fopperies are often very ridiculous,
 and their frolicks extremely fatal. They are
 not seldom the foes of civil society. They
 pretend to an idle tenacity of their honour.—
 Alas ! poor word, how art thou abused ! —
 how much perverted, and how little known !
 ——— But I have not leisure for a definition
 here. ——— This tenaciousness sometimes
 pricks them on to shew their courage in
 a pretty remarkable manner. A life —and
 sometimes the life of a friend—is sacrificed
 in

in the moment of military madness, to a hint of malevolence, an insinuation of dangerous fun, or for the mere wantonness of dexterity at the weapon. I remember, as Dr. Johnson very properly calls them,

“ A fiery fop of new commission vain,”

who, like Juvenal's,

“ Slept on brambles till he kill'd his man ;”

and who is a striking instance of ostentatious folly, which I most heartily recommend as a caution to these terrors of the nation.

This Spark learned the art of Defence for a short time, and soon thought, though indeed he was a little mistaken, he had attained a thorough knowledge of the science : he therefore took occasion to affront the very best friend he had in the world, in the grossest manner. It happened that the gentleman had more sense as well as more skill than our outrageous gallant ; he therefore dissuaded him from an engagement, till it would have reflected on his own manhood

to

to decline it. — The colonel, for such he was, at length accepted the challenge; and as he was an expert swordsman, with great ease disarmed him; and with great humanity, as well as bravery, again permitted him to make use of it; for the pride of the stripling was too swelling to ask his life. He parried off a thrust or two with a foppish air; but by not guarding, or rather not knowing how to guard his recoveries, at the very first capital lunge the sword of the colonel passed up to the very hilt in his body. — The cockaded Boy too late repented his folly, and confessed that he had erred against the laws of politeness and friendship only to evince his courage and skill: and thus expired (a lesson to the vain) the Butterfly Captain.

The language of these Bravo's is coarse and infectious, not to say blasphemous.

Their tenets of faith, and their notions of scriptural authorities, with the sacred testimonies of revelation, are originally shocking. — Religion is an object of their
most

most exaggerated burlesque, and an atheist-soldier is not an uncommon character.

They value the Bible less than a dirty sword-knot, nor would they exchange a suit of rusty regimentals for the reliques of all the martyrs in the universe.—They have as little sensibility in their minds, as they have learning in their heads; so that they cannot be parentally or conjugally tender, for they are not capable of tenderness; neither can they prove instructive, or wise, companions, for they do not know any thing worth a serious attention.

Upon the whole, then, as Soldiers, they are unsuitable, unwarlike,—emasculated,—or fool-hardy.—As Men (considered in the social sense) destructive of general harmony, subversive of rational no less than moral government, and greatly obnoxious to the cause of Truth and Honour. Considered as distinct from the felicity of the whole collective body of mankind, and viewed individually, they are domestic torments, and private demons: And, lastly,
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considered with a view to the promotion of art and science, they are so far from adding to either, that many of them cannot spell their own names, more cannot read, and still a greater number are totally ignorant of all arts except those by which innocence is betrayed, and reputations blasted. From hence I think a tolerable guess may be made by any one, of the present state of their morals.

I have already observed, that Naval degeneracies are nearly connected with those of the Army: and that they differ principally in the way of acting them. So much, indeed, are they similar, that a great part of what has been observed of the latter, will be very applicable to the former.

Weigh the vices of both in either scale, and the trepidations of the ballance would puzzle that curious optic-eyed discriminator Mr. Grenville himself.

I am prompted to believe it would preponderate a little in favour of the Maritime powers.

Their

Their gallantries are not so delicately-pernicious. They do not ruin, by a full half, so many married or single women.—A voyage-sharpened, sea-set appetite is too vigorous and keen to find any satisfaction in the traps of delusion, the delays of opportunity, or the dalliances of opposition.—They appease the ragings of desire with less infamy, and are well contented with the first compliable damsel who falls in their way; and the more familiar her invitations, the more welcome is she to the arms of the British tar.

They are equally ignorant, but not equally vain of their ignorance: they are perhaps more destitute of feeling, but do not pretend to so much softness.

The ocean has its coxcombs; but a sea-fop, though a very contemptible creature, is not so dangerous as a land one.

In general, they are as much too robust, as the soldiers are too effeminate.—There is, however, a more hearty honesty, and a more

more hospitable turn of thinking and acting among them, than amongst the Hectors of the Field.—— But they are very vulgarised, exceedingly uncivilised in the most common points of behaviour, and not often strict in regard to matters in which character or principle is concerned. —— A good part of them are as savage as sharks, and are, in fact, a species of sea-monsters.— I am afraid they have very little claim to the best and sweetest endowment of the human heart, I mean Humanity.

Their barbarity sometimes exceeds all bounds; and the punishments they inflict on their fellow-creatures are cruel above Indian tortures.—— The licentiousness of their tongues, even in the hour of Jollity, is commonly levelled against the dignity of a Power which enchains the wing of the tempest, and smooths the face of the deep, that they may sail in security.

I think I have observed, that they are as much turned to a faithful, though a strange friendship, as any men whatever. —

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A solitary sailor is a miserable Being.—They have something truly convivial and social in their tempers. Each has a ship-mate selected from the crew; and I have known the utmost steadfastness exerted to their favourites, in the most trying moments of peril and disaster.

Few men will better bear the touchstone of friendship. Yet the sailors are obstinate;—equally bitter in their aversions, as solid in their attachments.—They are malicious;—from their natural or rather habitual rudeness, very easily provoked;—and when provoked, revengeful, ardent, and unforgiving. — They love broils; but it most frequently happens that one of their curious subjects are first started in jest, rallied with clumsy salt - water witticisms, prosecuted with warmth, insisted upon with rage, and ended in blasphemy and blows.—To pursue them through the whole course of their quarrels, as they fall out in general; they remain fullen after the contest for a while; are reconciled by flip, porter, and persuasion; laugh

laugh and curse themselves for the folly of the fray; enjoy the truce for a short time in the madness of glee; and then begin hostilities again.

Altercation is an utter foe, and a very common one, to all society.——The Sailors, therefore, of all men, are the greatest interruptions to it; for it is rare they leave a company without a quarrel. A bloody nose and a black eye are with them sometimes badges of honour; for they proportionate the spirit of a man to the number of blows and bruises he has born on his body without yielding.——Herein they differ widely from the Soldier; for on his eye the mark of a fist is a triple disgrace; it spoils his consequence with the women, scandalizes his reputation for courage with the men, and “disfigures a feature,” to borrow an expression from that favourite of nature, Mr. Garrick. It will therefore appear that morality is not much practised amongst this class of men.——Very, very few are moral, even those who are virtuous.——Virtue is

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not the word to be used on this occasion.—A virtuous seaman is a phænomenon ; and though, like it, he appears now-and-then, yet, as all other appearances out of the general course of things, he must excite much astonishment.—The phrase must therefore be altered, and the words (for our language will not furnish me with *one* sufficiently expressive) *tolerable qualities* will do.

Even those who have tolerable qualities, then, have them as it were instinctively. — It is pure wild nature in them, when they have any tincture of worthiness ;—— that is, neither polished by art, or refined by knowledge.

A clown will pull a lamb out of a ditch, that might have fallen into it, or carry a man who has broken a limb by an accident, to a surgeon for assistance ; but his natural feelings are slightly wounded by the pain either are in, nor greatly pleased with his act of humanity. — A ridiculous object- immediately succeeding this action will provoke

voke his grin, and bury all sensations except that which is caused by the thing at which he laughed.

Neither are the Sailors, in general, more permanently impressed by incidents which would not fail to leave lasting traces of joy or anguish on the hearts and countenances of more delicate dispositions.—— Sensibility is highly promotive of morality.—— Alas! the Sailors have a small degree of either.

To avoid disagreeable censures, however just, I will close my observations here, and divert them to other objects.

The Gentlemen of the Faculty shall employ my next inspection.—— An analysis of the human heart would be a diverting task.

The facetious Lecturer on Heads might have a noble field for the display of wit and humour, by dissecting with his satirical incision-pen the heart of a Doctor of Physic.—— At present, however, I must be the anatomist; and, to talk in their own

way, I shall handle the probe as gently, and dress their wounds as tenderly, as any son of Machaon whatever.

These men in their formalities and grimaces very much resemble the Divines and Lawyers.—It is, indeed, somewhere humorously said, that the whole farce of the science consists in form. — For my own part, I entertain such a kind of antipathy to a Doctor, as some persons have to a cat. I think, however, they may be classed amongst the number of necessary evils.

I shall divide this subject into two parts ; considering the Faculty distinctly : first, as men who have some knowledge in their profession ; and secondly, as men who only profess to have knowledge in what they are consummately ignorant of.

Those who have any eminence, exclusive of my usual exceptions, are generally the vainest, proudest, and most pragmatistical creatures in the world :—and those who would only be thought eminent, are the shadows of shades.

Foppery

Foppery is not, as some imagine, confined to any particular set of men ; — it is universal ; — as frequent in the air of a philosopher as in that of a man of pleasure. Indeed, the modes of coxcomry are very various.

In the pulpit it is grave, in the drawing-room smiling, in the tavern frolicksome and pleasant, and in the alehouse exceeding merriness. I have seen a clown as vain of a darling deformity or a new Sunday suit, as a young collegian of his gown, or an ensign of his cockade : and physical fops are also very numerous. — But Foppery, though the first-born of Vanity, may be excusable, where it is the greatest imperfection.

Physicians are very inhumane, ungenerous, and unjust. — Scientific ignorance, that is, a pretension to a science in which they are totally deficient, is so successful with these Impostors, that they often get fortunes and fame in proportion to their want of knowledge.

They supply every vacuity of art by an ostentatious display of the most bombastic language (entirely their own) that ever deluded simple credulity.

Half the words they make use of are of their own creation, and mean nothing more than to conceal their total ignorance by a shew of sagacity. — Their inhumanity every one has remarked, who has ever remarked any thing. — The strange cruelty of their experiments is shocking. — Have they the assurance to say, that these experiments on animals are essential to their operations on the human body? Let me ask, why the creature cannot be equally serviceable when dead? — Must their tricks of sanguinary torture be tried merely to agonize a poor trembling wretch; and are we to attain skill and health at the expence of the pain of the brute creation?

But they seem to be callous to every feeling of sympathy. — Perhaps they are infected with their trade, which is rather
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one of death than life. The pangs of amputation and the excruciations occasioned by the nicer parts of the practice, give them small concern. — The medicinal Tribe are as cruel oppressors of the poor, as our vilest engrossers and forestallers. They will no more give their advice gratis than the lawyers ; — and the perquisite is as necessary a dedication to their performance, as to any other species of fee'd-men. — Where there is a bad prospect of a speedy discharge of a most exorbitant, though I need only say of a *Doctor's* bill, they are not in the least moved by the news of a fellow-creature's agonies, though he is at the point of expiration ; and even when they do attend, their behaviour is infamous, and their prognostications alarming and ungenerous.

It is very seldom they will act ingenuously, I mean on the tender side, in regard to their real opinion in cases, when they have any judgment in the matter.

Morality is of a nature very tender, and therefore little regarded by the unfeeling. The Faculty are not remarkably moral, nor are they remarkably otherwise: but they are not equitable in their charges; and a general dishonesty in the pecuniary point reigns amongst them.

Were we to be let into the secrets of the science, I fear we should see a prodigious share of trick, if not arrant knavery. I fancy they deal more in *simples* than is presumed; and I shrewdly suspect that the greater part of the *Materia Medica* consists in a skilful mixture of the most insignificant, harmless, and inoffensive productions in nature. — Their pomposity of address is an old delusion; but I believe their grand arcanum, like the secrets of Free-Masonry, would not inspire us with any high idea of the truth of their pretensions. Water is a most valuable friend to the tribe of Esculapius: — It is in the strongest sense of the word their *aqua vitæ*, and *vinum vitæ* also.

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—— I believe they are as much domesticated as any class of men ; but they are vain of the profession, and generally inculcate into their connections a proper idea of their dignity.

Country apothecaries are almost as ignorant of every branch of the business, as it is possible for self-conceit to assume ; and yet they talk in as pompous and absurd a style, as if they were intimately skilled in all pains and diseases incident to every atom of the human frame.—— A rural barber who breathes a vein, draws teeth, and cures the quartan ague, is as learned a man as most of these rotten members of Machaon, these dregs of dregs.

They do not add greatly in general to the embellishments of science, the refinements of social, nor the preservation of natural life ; which is, however, their first boast.— It is perhaps no easy question to be resolved, were I to ask, Whether they are not greater hasteners than protracters of Fate ? They are the friends of death, and
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men are less obliged to them than is supposed, for the restoration of health, or the reparation of our exhausted vital powers. It is not unusual either for the ignorant or designing among them to sport with the constitution, and, like the Quacks, by the expulsion of one to introduce a complication of diseases, which stick by a man for ever. Our corporal part is a machine of celestial contexture, fabricated with the most delicate and designing finger of Divinity itself. These manglers of mankind are no more fit to regulate the nice disorders of such a machine, than a peasant is to rectify those in the finest piece of clockwork. — They are our licensed executioners.

Their station in moral life is not elevated. — Natural evil cannot, I think, be productive of much moral good ; — nor can those who are at once pedantic, saturnine, knavish, and unknowing, be either useful or good members of the great community of man.

My

My next enquiry shall be amongst the Men of Business, in which department I include all those who are employed either in mercantile or manual engagements.

This will be a laborious task ; for it will be to canvass the greatest and most powerful body of men in the world.

Merchandise and Trade are at present in a most flourishing state : upon their perfection is founded, in a very great measure, the glory of Great-Britain ; yet shall we find the *generality* of their members utterly devoid of Morality.

Men of Business possess the vices of dishonesty and avarice, and the follies of Pride and Ignorance, in a remarkable degree.

Their dishonesty may be seen in their commercial transactions, which have commonly a species of low design in them, yet very discernible to an observing spectator. The cheats which they practise on inexperience are shameful, and the specious pretence of fair dealing often veils the most knavish

knavish duplicity. — They have the utmost narrowness of thinking, and act as narrow thinkers always do. They overreach in a grovelling way. — A sort of sneaking cunning may be discovered in their common bargains, and a littleness of design may be traced in their very faces. — In truth, Nature has generally marked the features of the villain, as she has those of the prostitute, with a surprising expressiveness of countenance. There is a look peculiar to deceit, especially when the deceiver is untutored in the delicacies of stratagem.

Tradesmen are, for the most part, very stupid, and yet are extremely artful in the way of their business. They are very immoral men, and possess almost every vice incident to the species. — Their extravagance is equal to their avarice ; for they will squander in the utmost profusion upon women, or some worse objects, as much in one Sunday, as they can scrape together by the most infamous nearness and knavery
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in a month. With respect to the article of luxury, they are as voluptuous as any titled valetudinarian whatever. Their expensiveness on some foolish occasions exceeds all bounds: for there is a spirit of ridiculous emulation reigns among them, which makes them aspire to rival men of the largest estates in every superfluity and excess.

As men of business, they are very unfair; as men of the world, they are very fatal. Their commercial cunning is not confined to their impositions on customers only, but there is a pitiful opposition and artifice subsisting between themselves, according to their greater or lesser degrees of success in their respective trades. — They are also very litigious, and will commence a law-suit with a man for the mere pride of a competition.

It is inconceivable what a secret contempt the very lowest order of Tradesmen entertain for those who are called Gentlemen, although they ape them with the most absurd foppery. — That fashionable
vice

vice of Lying is very greatly practised by these men : The only security against their delusions is a knowledge of the worth and price of their goods.——They are in general the most hateful Family-bashaws, and render themselves odious to those immediately connected with them. They are also as arrant coxcombs as ever loaded a coxcomical age.——A vain, priggish, second-hand primness of air generally distinguishes them. I have seen a number of these gentry display a white cotton stocking, or a rusty waistcoat of cut velvet, with as high a satisfaction as I ever beheld a court beau gaze on a Parisian snuff-box, the jewel on his little finger, or even on his own dear face in a pocket-glass.

Sunday, is their day of Jubilee ; and the enormities of every kind which they then practise are innumerable. Their immorality is gross, vulgar, and evident ;——their tempers idly profuse or meanly niggardly ;——they have no medium. — If there is such a thing as a generous vice, they do
not

not border upon it.—Mean, mercantile sins, and such actions as the very offals of our species are guilty of, they commit.

They are irreligious, yet often madly devotional. More Methodistical lunacy runs through the brains of our Traders than any class whatever : they love feuds, noise, and nonsense. Enthusiasm is not only the bane of true piety, but the utter destruction of business.—When a Tradesman is infected with this, his shop is neglected for periodical prayer ; a kind of moping muddy melancholy seizes upon him ; and the phrenzy-struck, hypochondriacal wretch suffers his family to want the common and natural necessities of life, while he is groaning in the bitterness of a frantic spirit, or invoking upon his knees, in ridiculous adoration, the protection of that Providence which he degrades and offends by his absurd petitions.

Our Men of Business are, in general, most unprofitable companions ; for they can neither enliven conversation by their wit, support it by the agreeableness of remark, enrich

rich it by diffusing the treasures of memory, nor animate it by the vivacity of genius.

Humdrum, inutile, common-place sayings that have been said a thousand times ten thousand times ; observations that have been observed ages ago ; and lucrative hints that have dropt from the lips of Avarice since the invention of money ; fill up those hours which they dedicate to social relaxation.

A club of citizens will afford a fund of entertainment to a man who wishes to see life in its burlesque state. — He who was to enter into such a community would observe a fixed though insensible thoughtfulness of brow, a sedate sobriety of look, a steady dulness of eye, and a stupid particularity of manner, depicted in every countenance. Nothing would pass that could impress, touch, or entertain. Maxims of political prudence, with respect to what they call the *main chance*, would frequently glide from usurer to usurer ; but any deviation from the road of gain would be termed

ed a flight of romance, and an extravagant chimera.

The feelings of a Tradesman are not easily excited to tenderness ; they are not often compassionate : — their untenderness, however, is not dispositional, but habitual : it does not proceed from an hardness, but from an insensibility of heart. They hear with a frigid indifference and an incurious composure of the death of a friend, the indigence of a family, the stopping payment or the bankruptcy of a neighbour. They sagaciously observe, that all must die, sooner or later ; that some must be rich and some poor ; that subordination is necessary ; that all is for the best ; and that what must be, must be : and whatever accident happens which does not endanger their own particular interest or commercial connections, they exclaim a “ Good lack-a-day ! ” or two, or “ Who would have thought it ! ” and then apply with all the assiduity of industry, and all the drudgery of labour, to the business of the day ; as if they were determined to

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prepare against events which have involved others in discredit and ruin.

It is difficult to determine, whether extravagance or avarice be the greater enemy to Virtue and its cause.

I am inclined to give my vote in favour of the former ; for I really think profusion has something more generous in its nature than penury. — The Miser and the Spendthrift, though both immoral characters, are not equally so.

The Spendthrift, by the circulation of his squanderings, diffuses his possessions ; and sometimes the naked, as well as the hungry, are fed and cloathed by his profusion.

There is moreover a spirit of wild, perhaps we may call it of mad, liberality and generosity discoverable among persons of untamed tempers and mercurial dispositions ; but in their whimsies of good-humour, and fits of bounty, the aching heart is often relieved, and the weeping eye frequently dried.

But

But the Miser is a wretch whose heart is never thawed by the sunshine of Sympathy; who never melts in pity to human misfortunes; whose feelings are barricaded by the frost of Avarice; and whose soul, like the eternal mountains of ice, is for ever freezing, and acquires new hardness from the congealing frigidity of succeeding winters.

I make this digression in order to shew, that our Men of Business are in a double sense foes to the cause of morality.——

They may be divided into two parts: The elderly division into the avaritious or miserly; and the youthful part into the prodigal or spendthrift.

But although I have admitted a profuse man sometimes does good by starts, yet there are several species of profusion; and one extravagant man differs as much from another in the way and manner of being extravagant, as they do in the particular and respective cast and mould of their features.

Early education will always have some influence upon our lives and conduct. He

who has been tutored elegantly, even when inclined to profuseness, will commonly have a greater aptitude for occasional generosities, than the man who has been bred and born in a contracted, narrow way of thinking and living.

I am, therefore, inclined to believe that our young Men of Fortune (bad as they are) are less infamous and more large-minded than our young Men of Business; who are too often extravagant without one spice of well-bestowed bounty, and mercenary even in spending, without any deviation from the common road of dissipation into that of a more tolerable prodigality.

This being the case, no high expectations are to be formed of the morals of our Men of Business.—— Commercial life will not afford many examples of honesty, wisdom, or virtue.

They are coy visitants amongst the sons of men. I have not frequently been so happy to meet with them, hitherto, in the whole course of my national enquiry: I shall

shall now see if they take up their residence in the bosoms of the Ladies, in the hearts of my lovely country-women.

This island, like that of Greece, according to Homer, has been always famous for the beauty of its women; they are indeed *formosa pulcherrima*, the fairest of the Fair. To quote an often-quoted and celebrated compliment paid to them by the great author of Paradise Lost :

——— Grace is in all their steps,
Heaven in their eyes, ———
In every action dignity and love.

——— Creatures in whom excell
Whate'er is fairest---- loveliest and best.----

It is true, the elegance of their forms and the softness of their looks inspire every tender sentiment, and every favourable prejudice towards them. Indeed so irresistible is their magic, and so pleasing is it to confess the latitude of their power over us, that even when we are convinced of the irreconcilableness of their conduct, we actually gaze away our disapprobation, and in spite

of our better reason, confess that they are pretty, even when in the wrong.

This is so evident that Mr. Pope, always happy in his delicate method of correcting female mistakes, was in no instance more fortunate than in the following couplet, to be found in that beautiful burlesque production *The Rape of the Lock*, which I think nearly equal to the *Tempest* of Shakespear, whether we consider the wildness and prettiness of its fancy, the uncommon mellifluence of its numbers (for surely Harmony took up her residence, after the death of Shakespear, in the soul of this author), or whether we view the magic of its machinery, or the elegance of its morality. — But in my warmth of heart to offer my tribute to the shrine of this exquisite poet, I find I have run into a sort of digression:— I shall therefore make an hasty retreat, and atone for it, by inserting the lines alluded to, which are these :

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look in her face, and you'll forget them all.

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The great influence women have on Society has been often remarked ; — I shall therefore first consider them in a social sense, as respecting the harmony of the universe.

It must affect a sensible disposition with pain, on considering the present state of our countrywomen's morals. — Female folly was never more general than at this juncture ; for the Sex, through all its classes, seems to rival each other in dissipation. — Woman-kind may be divided into so many distinct and separate orders. They are naturally fond of precedence, and I shall observe the point of politeness in my commentaries upon them.

The first order of women demanding notice are those whom nature, fortune, or favour, have dignified with a title : and among these we shall *generally* find these vices incident to quality, viz. Pride, Envy, and Profusion.

Their pride is evinced by observing their usage of merit, poverty, and a rival either in the charms of dress, person, equi-

page, or of a gallant. Their envy is the consequence of their pride, for these are inseparable companions: and their profusion is evident in their pursuits, amusements, and pleasures.

The tumult of fashion, and the never-ending rotation of paying and receiving visits, together with the insipidity and flashiness of quality-prattle, preclude the intrusions of sober sense, or modest morality.

The Mahometan opinion of the sex is tolerably just, if we confine their notions to the very gay part of it: for a modish lady actually comprizes the grand business of life in the continual repetition and irksome iteration of rising to ravish, prattle and play, and reposing only to collect fresh vigour of tongue, or repair the faded graces of the face by recruited health, and the vermilion of nature; but if Nature denies her aid, by the paint of art. As the learned author of *Irene* says, their whole employment is

To tune the tongue, to teach the eye to roll,
 Dispose the colours of the flowing robe,
 And add new roses to the faded cheek.—

So that he who introduces seriousness, or unharmonises their ears by a grave reflection, entirely disconcerts their whole scheme of existence, and disorders, by pedant interruption, the œconomy of their lives.

Their conversation is weak, girlish, and giddy ; and entirely turned upon frivolous topics. Remarks on a petticoat, a gown, a cap, a brocaded or an embroidered waistcoat, a lustre of jewels or an equipage, engross a great part of their talk. One would imagine they were born only to decorate a drawing-room, and give transient satisfaction to the eye of courtly curiosity. Their apartments are perfect toy-shops in miniature, where every glittering ornament of pride, fashion, or fancy, are disposed in order.

To dazzle, dance, and shine, are the ultimatum of their wishes. In general they
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are indeed only “babies of a larger growth,” and the enthusiasm of their spirits often inclines them to border on the indecent and forward. I know many of them that would deem it an insupportable drudgery to walk half a mile in the shades of rural retirement, though all the incense of Summer and all the harmony of Nature concurred to inspire satisfaction, who would think it not the least fatigue to roll over the stones of London, in a gilt chariot, to pay twenty visits in an evening to people of condition, on whom notwithstanding they lavish all the sugar of civility and well-bred complaisance before the faces of their friends, yet revile them with all the acrimony of scandal and invective when out of the reach of their hearing.

The same malevolent discourse attends them wherever they go, and equally employs the hours devoted to the tea-table and toilet; insomuch that it is highly difficult to mark the minute in life which is not trifled away

away in the sport of idle entertainment, the brandishments of destructive wit, or the loquacity of malicious ignorance.

The second rank of Females are those of independent fortunes, without any hereditary honours; but as the follies and fopperies of these are so very similar to those above remarked, I shall not trouble the reader with such an offensive repetition.

It may, indeed, be remarked, that both sexes aim, with ridiculous endeavours, at the airs of their superiors; and this observation will hold good among all ranks of our species, from the lieutenant to the ensign, from my Lady's woman to the cook-maid's chair-woman. There are not only second-hand copyists of manners, but fourth and fifth-hand imitators also.

My Lord's butler is copied by the Sunday butler of a more private family; a footman of distinction is imitated by a footman whose master is of less distinction; and so on to the very lowest of our species. Even to the more elevated situations of life may this imitative

imitative aim be traced ; for the tradesman apes the esquire, the esquire the baron, the baron the earl, the earl the duke, the duke the prince, the prince insists on the homage of the monarch, and the monarch sometimes infringes on the privileges of a superior power.

The next order of women are the Citizens Wives and Daughters, who, in general, are very droll and grotesque figures indeed. They burlesque every vice and error of quality. — But I find there would be no end to particularise every order of *Ladies* ; for the whole Sex insist on their title to that appellation : the remaining observations therefore must be made on the sex together, at least on their respective characters ; as Married, Unmarried, and Single Gentlewomen of fifty-five, or thereabouts.

The Married Part of the Sex are for the most part incapable of rational action. As wives, they are either obstinate, pettish, fanciful, or clamorous ; little disposed to the endearments of the domestic community, without

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an animated relish for the finer feelings of a superior passion, and devoid of that sensibility of heart essential to conjugal felicity. They are not often skilled in the niceties of private housewifery, or in the saving prudencies of œconomy. Of those whom Fortune has indulged with particular favours, there are few who bestow the overflowings of such bounty upon the agonizing heart, or the injured bosom of Indigence: Their possessions are risked at the Hazard-table, lavished in the pride of appearance, or expended in the follies of fashion. Their finances, however immense, are reduced to the last ebb of lowness by the torrent of dissipating waste, while their connections are involved in the perplexities of debt, and themselves or husbands liable to all the horrors and disgrace of a prison. And of those whom the sparingness of circumstances renders it necessary to preserve a saving caution, as few are intent to practise the art of industrious circumspection, and prevent the inconveniences of that worst and forest of worldly wants, a
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want of money: so that their families are brought to the utmost distress by their profusion, and the whole are overwhelmed in the general calamity.

Bad and indiscreet Wives can never be wise or provident Mothers. The offspring of extravagant parents are commonly born to great misery; their morals and minds are vitiated and debauched by predominant examples of dangerous pleasures, and fatal passions. The Wives and Matrons of Great-Britain do not abound in primitive prudence or old-fashioned industry. The antient mode of female behaviour is entirely exploded, insomuch that to bestow her own milk upon her own child, is now thought a mark of a modern mother's ill-breeding.

To speak truth, parental and filial affections are flowers which very seldom adorn the garden, or rather the wilderness of the human mind. The combining bonds of nature, and the sanguine tide of life, which ought to warm the hearts of relations, seems
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to flow no more in the rich streams of sympathy or softness. Kindred blood is frozen, and the ice of alienation represses the current of genial tenderness.

In what situation, therefore, must we conclude our Married Women in, with respect to their morals?

I, however, am happy in knowing some great exceptions to a rule generally depraved.

Neither will the search be more fortunate in regard to the mental endowments of the Younger Part of the Sex, whose external loveliness does by no means compensate their want of internal nobleness.

The graces of their persons all acknowledge; and I, among the millions of their adorers, in common with others feel and confess the influence of their charms. Yet do I most sincerely wish they possessed the virtues of sincerity and honour in a more eminent degree, which would not fail of recommending them more strongly to masculine tenderness and favour: for, alas! at
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present, with all the prettiness of their faces, and the harmony of their forms, they are not in general to be regarded in any more exalted light than so many pictures, extremely beautiful to glance at, but which will not bear the nicer examination of critical judgment, or closer inspection of a cautious scrutiny.

They are by no means sufficiently attentive to the most delicate endowment in the world, a chaste and cultivated understanding ; nor are they over-cautious of preserving the innocence of their fame. Female reputation, like the finest glass, is dimmed by the gentlest breathing on it :—— it is an ermine whose whiteness is sullied by the least unhallowed touch.——The finger of Malice may in an instant contaminate its snowy brightness, and Indiscretion only may blast its beauty for ever.

There is a childish volatility evident in the Young Ladies of this kingdom, not less destructive to the dignity of their characters, than that airy folly imputed to the females
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of France. They are not strictly social, though they are remarkable for conforing in circles, and abominate the fageness of solitude, or the serenity of sequestration. But I always place a line of distinction betwixt a rational community and a prattling party, and make a most material difference between those who assemble to exchange their thoughts in the friendly flow of communicative conversation, and those who flock together only to unluice their sentiments on the important articles of dress and diversions, the sickness of a monkey, or the tearing of a ruffle, in a torrent of female loquacity and obstreperous chatter. Besides, a prevailing envy, almost natural to them, prevents their enjoying the blessings of a nobler friendship; and they commonly commit very fatal errors in that grand business of their lives, the affair of love. They are in this point more often guided by the madness of a heated heart, a sanguine imagination, or an impetuous fancy, than by the decencies of a solid esteem, or the re-

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finements of a regulated choice. The passions of young women, like quicksilver, are almost always afloat, and their spirits perpetually aspiring: and at the age when Fancy riots in their brains, uncorrected by the sagacity of judgment, they are more apt to be worked into a tempest by the gale of adulation, than by the still, small whispers of placid Truth. The fops, therefore, have no such great reason to plume on their triumphs over the Beauties of the nation, since they are totally indebted for the conquests they make, not to any elegance or desert of their own, but to the simplicity of female youth, and to the incautious vehemence of juvenile passions: for I am persuaded, were it possible for the victims of beausish coxcomry to see their Corydons represented in the mirror of Reality, they would start at the cheats of Fancy, and having inspected into heads consummately ignorant, and hearts consummately corrupt, they would unanimously concur in excluding from their fortune, favour, and arms, wretches who

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degrade their own, by multiplying the monkey species. But, alas! the Ladies seldom open their eyes to the insignificance of these creatures, till they find their felicity and charms sacrificed to their subtlety and cunning, of which qualities, like their animal-brothers, they possess an abundant share.

In matters of morality, our young Fair-ones are generally not only unadorned, but also perfectly ignorant. They look upon Religion as a bugbear, and, what is worse, an utter foe to gallantry: A circumstance most insurmountable; for it should appear that a woman esteems a commerce with the masculine heart, and reducing her own to a mere play-thing of love, as the fundamental blessing of life; and that existence would be a curse, were she not allowed to pervert not only all external but internal faculties.

There is no man more attached to the tender affections of an ingenuous nature, or to the softest reciprocations of honourable endearments, than myself: I feel at no time

so charming a sensation as when I enter a circle in which I can detect the silent sigh of secret passion steal involuntary from the bosom of maiden modesty, or the inadvertent glance of virtuous partiality dart precipitate from the eye of generous beauty.— My heart has melted within me at the sight of married bliss, when I have beheld the sanctified kindnesses of an indulgent couple; and the tears of sympathetic transport have wetted my cheek, when I have heard of a fond wife being torn by accident from her husband, or when some cruel circumstance has molested the harmony of their lives, and the quiet of their little families. But I cannot countenance the present chimerical fashion of falling in love with every designing booby who has a smooth face and a rugged heart, or with every burlesquer of manhood, who has neither courage to protect a woman, understanding to entertain her, passion to regard her, nor power to please her: and yet such is the proneness of the female heart to out-side and glitter, that where one of

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“ Nature’s fine porcelain clay,” as Dryden calls them, falls to the share of a sensible, honest man, a thousand are devoted to the barren embraces and unblest caresses of these cyphers of the creation.

While this is the case, it must be expected to find immorality, indecency, and indiscretion, *generally* prevail amongst the young Ladies ; and until sincerity is a little more practised by the men, folly will not be abridged by the women : yet they have many original foibles and crimes, which by no means spring from manly error or example.

To enumerate them would be impossible, and, *if* possible, unnecessary, since an entire catalogue of them are to be seen registered by an ingenious friend to the sex, in his ingenious moral discourses *, addressed to them.

* The discourses here alluded to are Dr. Fordyce’s Sermons to Young Women.

I confess I should have enlarged my scrutiny on Women, had not this more able writer saved me the pains, whose volumes I cannot help in this place recommending to every woman, as the most elegant lessons for female greatness, as the chastest patterns for their behaviour, and as containing the most delicate sentiments and rules to render the sex as honourable as they are beautiful. I refer my Fair Readers, therefore, to this engagingly-instructive Moralist, who will finish in a circumstantial manner what is here left incomplete.

I promised to dedicate a few thoughts on Elderly Gentlewomen ; and though they have been pretty much handled by every author, yet I must observe my word.

It has been often attributed to Antient Virgins, that they are petulant in their censures on the most innocent pleasures of newcomers into life ; that they look with a malignant aspect on the executing eyes of youthful maidens ; are too apt to construe

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as immoral and immodest that incense, homage, and humiliation offered at the altar of Beauty, with which a Beau pleases a Belle, and which their own blasted features can no longer partake or command; that they expose with virulence, what they fight for with violence; that they conceal under the wrinkles of anger, and the grimaces of forbearance, the simper of dotage, and the longings of lust; and, finally, that they persist in the folly of a formal prudery, like the monks and friars, that they may be wag-gish without the imputation of inordinate desires; —so that the only difference between their sect and that of other sinners, is, that what the latter do for the gratification of inclination, in the face of day, in defiance of censure, the more experienced matrons, masked from common observation, perpetrate in the saving recesses of Privacy. —Such, as near as I can recollect, are the general accusations produced against them, and which are, as far as I have observed, pretty just; for there is certainly as

much of all ill qualities subversive of moral goodness in the circles of Antiquated Virginité, as in the assemblies of the gayest dissipation, and the most tumultuous merriment and madness.

The distinction is, Old Maids preserve those appearances which young ones do not :—so that on this transient view it may be concluded, that this set are also generally hypocritical.

I shall forbear to mention another rank of women, which would put the modesty of my Readers to the blush.——It is surely unnecessary to investigate the present state of those poor creatures morals, who are absolutely subsisted by a violation of the laws of Virtue, and who are cloathed by their concessions to impurity.

It now only remains to examine the laborious part of the human kind, or that subordinate class of the species who exist by drudgery and toil, and who are subservient to the powers of wealth and money. And amongst these is to be seen as much ferocity, immorality, and extravagance, as can possibly

fibly over-run hearts untutored, uncultivated, unhumanized, and wild. The *Mobility* moves almost always obedient to the breath of the uppermost passion, be it what it may. I have somewhere else observed, that the clown has not less pride, in his aukward way, than the prince: Indeed, common people, though the poorest, are very far from being the most lowly-minded. Notwithstanding the encomiums of our poets on the happy humility and simplicity of Peasantry, their eulogiums on the hardy harmlessness of rural swains, and their filken sentiments on the honesty and ignorance of undistinguished mortals; there is, in truth, as much knavery, fraud, and vice in their hearts, as in the bosoms of the most polished professors of Deception.

Indeed, Fiction and the *Licentia Poetica* has been so lavishly indulged the Votaries of the Muses, that the plain *simplex munditia* (if I may be allowed the phrase) of Truth has almost lost its potency. Fable is decorated with so many flowers by the Bard, and
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the paths of Delusion are by him scattered with such sentimental roses, that he has acquired a sort of syren infatuation; and Verse, which was first intended only as the more pleasing vehicle to convey Truth, by combining it with the sweetness of Harmony, and dressing it in the gayer robes of a more polished sense, is now become an engine of Fallacy, and an instrument of Seduction; and from performances of this nature, where Vice is varnished, and armed with poetic persuasion, arises the wrong bias so often fatal to rising Genius: hence also much of that passion for romantic Love, and Quixote-like adventure, so discoverable among young men and women; who, by reading the warm descriptions of an extravagant rhyme-struck brain, fancy themselves the heroines of the tale, and actually proceed to introduce the frolics of a distempered imagination into real life.

Let it not be thought I am an enemy to Poetry: On the contrary, I profess myself one of its most sincere admirers, and receive
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the utmost moral pleasure from perusing those productions which tend at once to the cultivation of the understanding, and the amendment of the heart.

But I have an abhorrence for every lie, though told with all imaginable eloquence; and I think a falsity uttered by the ugliest piece of deformity, not less inexcusable than if proceeding from the prettiest mouth in Nature. A lie therefore, in prose or verse, is the same; as the same vice is equally bad, whether it is the property of an embroidered or a tattered rascal.

Whatever fine things have been said of the charms of Humble Life, I aver the present state of our Common People is not only *generally* infamous, but shocking. It will demand no deep penetration to observe the lewdness, laziness, and luxury of the very poorest of the sons of Poverty. They are dreadfully blasphemous; and call down the vengeance of a Being whose mercy must indeed be omnipotent, since he does not launch his thunderbolt upon wretches,
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whose tongues are almost continually employed in murmurs, curses, and execrations. —I affirm again their excessive luxury, and inclination to voluptuousness: Nothing is more common than for those who sweat at the plough, drudge at the spade, or labour at the flail, to waste the rewards of a day's pittance, or a week's industry, in ale or gaming, which is not less practised under roofs of thatch than those of a more lordly appearance. They are generally brutal husbands and cruel fathers; and, in their cups, commit every paroxysm of outrage, and every atchievement of disorder. They are swine in their *sober* hours; and it may be guessed how their natural hoggishness is heightened by the madness and bestiality of intoxication and debauchery. They are mercenary to the most lucrative degree; and possess not the least share of proper humanity. A despicable envy generally prevails among them; they are not often firm in their affections, for a sixpenny bribe, if not a pot of beer, will induce them to betray
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their nearest connections: but they are prodigiously prone to revenges and quarrels.— In fact, they will not scruple any thing to attain drink or money. They are not, in common, even honest; for though they may not openly steal, they will let no occasion of over-reaching slip them. The women are equally immoral, being infected with the same vices.

The English Mob cause much public devastation, and seem to partake of the quality of some of our British dogs; who, when they once taste of human blood, do not leave the object of their resentment till all the vessels of life are sucked dry.

Those who employ them have infinite occasion to confess their treachery; and those with whom they are connected, have as much reason to detest their barbarity and baseness. They are seldom faithful stewards; and tho' their penury obliges them to earn their subsistence by the sweat of their brows, they hold servitude in the utmost contempt; and notwithstanding they are perpetually
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throwing out some ironical panegyrick on the lives of their masters, are yet always forming some distant plan which they suppose will exclude them some time from the ignominy of slavery, and present them with the happinesses of independency.—Such is the pride of Humble Life; and, in obedience to its infatuating impulse, they often leave situations in families of fashion or affluence, where they live in ease, credit, and health, to follow some absurd whim of their own, which probably reduces them to hunger, nakedness, and a rising family, under a notion of being no longer subject to control, and of being for the future their own Masters and Mistresses.

Whatever the antient Plebeian simplicity might have been, it is not practised now; for nothing can be more coarse, sly, crafty, or depraved, than every order of them are in general at this present time; inasmuch, that it is perhaps as difficult to find an honest poor man as an honest rich one: so that, in conclusion, we may well exclaim,

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as we cast an eye of examination upon life,
O homines ! O mores !

I HAVE now, I believe, gone through every class of humanity, and every general order of created beings, to deduce, from a scrutiny at once critical and impartial, the present state of the morality of this nation. —I have inspected into the separate Manners of distinct societies, examined their peculiar and individual ways of action, investigated their publick and private conduct, and considered them first as parts, regarding a few, and then as respecting a whole, that I might not involve myself in various enquiry at once, by diffusing my views too licentiously; but, by an easier method, might arrive at the fountains of Truth and equitable Decision. My closing observations, therefore, shall have a twofold tendency: To view the morality of the whole body of the nation, resulting from the conduct of every single member in it; and to propose some sentiments promotive of a more honest,

honest, as well as more solid, cement in human society.

FROM the cruelty of an individual, a whole family is often made miserable; in like manner, from the immorality of some in every profession and order, ensues the general wretchedness and disorder of the Universe. Admitting, therefore, the truth of the expression, which I think I have too clearly elucidated, *generally hypocritical*, it will be conjectured that we are almost *universally* unhappy; and a curious examiner would find very little moral or natural felicity in this or in any other kingdom.—I do not think we are more abandoned than our neighbours; but I imagine the major part of the whole world immoral, and therefore, agreeable to my former assertion, *more* than generally unhappy: for it is questionable if *general* viciousness does not cause *universal* misery. And from the intimate connection one Being has with another, as well as the dependency, and (if I may use so philo-

philosophic a term, the concatenation of human felicity, I really believe we shall scarcely find an individual whose peace of mind is not in a great degree broken by the infamy or treachery of some villain with whom he has an intercourse, or by some bad man to whom he is more or less related.

A small village will serve as a miniature of the whole globe, and illustrate my meaning, if I appear too abstracted in this place.

In this town we will suppose, as is natural enough, that most of its families have intermarried with each other, and that some considerable dealings of business are transacted within the precincts of the parish; in short, that the common and ordinary occurrences of life happen in it. If we allow, which no sensible man surely will hesitate to allow, that the inhabitants are *generally* actuated by the common passions and maxims of the world; that they are earnest in

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the pursuit of profit ; anxious to get a far-thing, and as fearful of losing it ; that their desires flow in the old tide of irregularity ; that the same pride of the proud world infects them, the same envy goads, the same malice prompts, and the same ill-nature stings them : from this *general* depravity, I scruple not to insist, that there must prevail an *almost*, I will not say a quite *universal* distress ; for if a daughter or a son is undutiful, a family is in anguish, at least unhappy ; if a friend is deceitful, the consequence is always pain to one, destruction to some, and discredit to many ;——if a neighbour is dishonest, great misery commonly afflicts the best in the parish ; or if a servant is fraudulent, all cannot be well ; and the bad are always committing something which makes the misery not only almost universal, but almost perpetual : so that I think we should not find a parishioner so fortunate as to be exempt from such immoral contingencies as not to be hurt by them.

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The Reader will observe, that I do not mean to allude in the least degree to those evils which are called Natural : for those disorders, of whatever kind, which are levied by Providence on Humanity, for the wisest reasons, cannot positively be said (tho' I believe such a thing has been affirmed with all the pride of Human Authority) to be brought into the world by moral depravity.

In one sense, perhaps, it may be conjectured that moral is the cause of natural evil ; for had man continued in a state of immaculate innocence, it is probable, no disease would ever have seized his body, nor any darts of death have reached his heart : had he been always free from guilt, I am of opinion he would have never been in pain ; so that the many disasters which are now employed as the instruments of Fate and Mortality, would have been perhaps then unnecessary : for as we know the benevolent Lord of Nature to be all-merciful, it is

not absurd to suppose, that had his creatures never brought anguish upon themselves, he would never have himself punished them with it: and if for some purpose or end in the grand scheme of Providence, he had thought it necessary to lead man, whom he knew would not err, through this state of probation, when he had permitted him to answer that end, and chose to cause a temporary death, might not his tenderness close his eye in the calms of slumber, or suspend his breath (that silent gale of life) by some gentle means comprehensible only to a Divinity, without the agonies of disease, or the groans of expiration?

But of Corporeal Pain I design not to speak; of the anguish and infelicity caused by the Diseases of the Mind I now treat; and by this time I hope I have convinced my Readers that the present state of this nation, and indeed of all nations, is generally pregnant with corruption; and from the close connection of each individual with
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the whole, that by the immorality of the species in general, that Whole is nearly miserable.—Exceptions to this rule are so blessed and so rare, that I shall consider them only as the favourite phoenixes of Nature.

And when the misery of a nation becomes *almost* universal, it is high time to strike at the root of this Hydra-headed Mischief which involves us. All mankind are concerned in his destruction, as were the countrymen of Wantley in the death of the Dragon. It therefore behoves every member of the nation, in whatever capacity, to exert all his powers in the expulsion of a monster that over-runs all the fairest prospects in nature; and every man should lend his best endeavours to rid the world and himself from the devastations and ravages of a tyrant, which, like the Colossus, strides over the globe.

This monster, as we all in some measure gave birth to it, we ought not to cherish or

support, as parents, but quell: for though a woman should bring forth a serpent, she has no tie of nature to engage her to suckle a reptile who she knew would sting her bosom, but would thrust it from her as some thing preternatural, and more odious than an abortion. In like manner should it be the unanimous effort of the congregated world to kill those passions (for *they* are the *vital vessels* of the *tyrant*) which diabolize the soul, and faculties of our species: they are the curses which spread uneasiness and anguish round the face of the earth; those are the interruptions of *general* morality, and those the Demons which reap an harvest from the havock and diminution of human happiness.

Let every man therefore nicely examine his own breast, and erase every weed which his maturer reason condemns as obnoxious to the flowers of Virtue, or the tender plants of Innocence. Let the roses of Health be separated from the thorns of Dissipation, and
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the lovely honeysuckle, Beauty, be separated from the thistles of Desire ; let the expanded blossoms of Love and Friendship be cautiously guarded by the shelter of Discretion from the blights of Lasciviousness, and the blasts of Treachery ; and let that brighter snow-drop, Chastity, with the lilly, Honour, remain unsullied by the cruel breath of Detraction's wind, and unharmed by the nettles of Error : in fine, let every man be a moral gardener, and soon will Beauty, Fragrance, Delight, and Sweetness, perfume the world : for were human hearts generally as pure as they are generally otherwise, universal felicity would be soon introduced ; as the poet sings,

Paradise would open on the wild,
And Eden would bloom in every bosom.

I know not whether in the course of this cursory enquiry, I may not have omitted some observations that may easily escape the eye of Precipitation ; but I believe the most

material essence of every species of immorality has been remarked, and my comments have struck at the general heads of vice and folly sufficiently evincive of my design, which was to attain, by a tolerably accurate inspection, the probable discovery of truth. — Should that end be answered, I shall present it to the Public with all the trepidation, doubts, fears, and apprehensions of a very juvenile writer.

I have a manuscript performance by me, of which I intended also to intreat the World's indulgence, but was told by a noted bookseller, well hackneyed in the trade, that it contained too much of what he termed the "dangerous severity of Truth" to print it with safety. Having therefore no inclination to furnish the Town with a fresh topic for political prattle, nor the Lawyers with an opportunity of exerting any new-invented rigours of seizure or attachment, I buried it, from mere motives of prudence, in my closet; where, from the same motives, it
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is my design it shall remain, unless some ruffian *legally illegal* shall *rob* me of it by the *unauthorized authority* of a General Warrant.

However, as it contains some lines not unapplicable to the present national theme, I beg permission to introduce them to the Reader's notice through this channel: and in this particular place they will be more than commonly agreeable to the subject I have been discussing; for the part I shall extract will be found an attempt to draw a *poetical picture of life*, and a representation of the *Times immediately before us*.

The verses intreating some attention are the following;

WHEN public crimes, expanding broad, arise
To such a bulky and o'erwhelming size:
When, bold and big with an imperial lour,
Height'ning the fray, stands Ministerial Power:
When Party straddles cross each moon-struck brain,
Scorning the guidance of cool Reason's rein,

Trampling

Trampling on Order ; while, in frantic pride,
 Embodied Millions lacquey at her side :
 While blood-ey'd Faction, far above the rest,
 Bears high her broad protuberance of breast,
 Breathing the blasts of Mutiny around,
 While her fierce footsteps shake the groaning ground,
 Ev'n till she makes an earthquake of her own,
 And rocks the royal regent on his throne :
 When, close cloak'd up in robes of rev'rend fur,
 (Pension'd, this mighty Monster to deter)
 Administration, plump, and proud of place,
 Shews the dark glories of his vacant face ;
 With fraudulent fingers weaves the web of Law,
 And frowns his fumbling minions into awe :
 While, train'd to trade, th' Attorney's felon eye
 Waits the wise nod, and stamps the legal lie :
 When Britons die condemn'd, without appeal,
 And feel the rack of Legislation's wheel :
 When *general Vice* illimitable swells :
 The ripe corruption sudden change foretels.
 In curs'd Perfection ev'ry crime behold.
 The nation totters to the power of Gold :
 The mineing metal all its magic tries,
 Erasing all the blessings of the skies ;

Works

Works its wide way with witchery of art,
 And sucks the sap of Virtue from the heart.
 Glance a keen eye around the loaded land;
 Then own, the growth of Vice is at a stand.
 In *Life* what see we but crimes black and broad ?
 The tale malignant, or insidious fraud ?
 Assassination, arm'd with slaughtering knife,
 Fix'd in the vitals of a rival's life;
 Court Ruin with a laugh upon his face ?
 Treachery, conceal'd in specious robes of Grace ?
 Art that entices, Nature that impels,
 Blood that o'erboils, and passion that rebels ?
 Folly that spreads its catching weakness wide ?
 O'erweening Cunning, and sun-breasting Pride ?
 Friendship that cools when usury declines ?
 Envy that spawns, and Falshood that designs ?
 Love, the mere echo of a mutual lie,
 And evanescent as its mock reply ;
 Bred of light Fancy, nurs'd by loose Desire,
 Folly its tutor, Lunacy its fire ?
 Ambition leaping at the dazzling sun,
 And Whoredom in the habit of a nun ?
 Parents that general misery increase,
 And children preying on domestic peace ?

Bold:

Bold-fronted Blasphemy, that braves the skies ?
 Mad Infidelity, that Heaven denies ;
 First-born of Hell, that tempts with tainting touch
 Weak Impotence, that burns beneath his crutch ?
 Self-Love, that fattens on the down of Ease ?
 Luxury, that sweats beneath a fat disease ;
 Sickness that blasts the rose of natural health,
 The glutton grudgings of superfluous wealth ?
 The heart-smote horror of the Murderer's groans ?
 And bare, gaunt Famine feeding on her bones ?
 Oppression, doubling Law's coercive chain ?
 And every varying scene of vice-brought pain ?
 O'erflow'd with these flagitiously we groan,
 While the broad deluge bears upon the throne ;
 The sacred seats of Majesty contemns,
 And each wide corner of the world o'erwhelms.
 From moral causes these disasters flow
 Thro' Life's dark stream, and form a Hell below.

Such, if I mistake not, is the present state
 of this nation, and such the melancholy
 prospect a review of this life affords us :
 Surely, therefore, I have abundant reason to
 ask

ask the following queries, which I also take
from this *dangerous* manuscript.

OH! when will Justice ope her slumb'ring eyes,
And Privilege on daring pinion rise?
When will the legislature those invest
With robes of power, whose equity of breast
Marks them for Beings form'd by Heav'n's design
Or in the senate, camps, or courts to shine?
When will our chiefs, who *Ways and Means* produce
To save their land, make tails of real use;
The sacred rights of Property secure,
And render ev'ry tenure safe and sure?
When will Authority its force disdain,
Its first firm wish by mildness to restrain?
When will it sooth the roughness of command,
By binding leagues in soft Persuasion's band?
When will Benevolence the lawyer warm?
Or when plain Honesty the courtier charm?
When will these state-bred inquisitions cease,
And this distracted country join in peace?
Oh! when will Britain wear a smiling face,
And all her sons conjoin in an embrace;

A firm

A firm embrace, enfolding human kind,
That gives to body'd worlds *one ruling mind*?

How flames my blood, indignant at the thought
That laws are barter'd, traffick'd passions bought!
That Reason, Justice, are unheeded things!
That money moves all ministerial springs!
That the fine nerve of Sympathy no more
Shoots the kind tremor thro' each genial pore!
That men no more the soft sensation feel,
And Gold, curs'd Gold, the bosom turns to steel!

I have, however, ventured to prognosticate (confiding in the truth of the proverb, that "When matters are at the worst they must mend,") that

— spite of Persecution's darkling hour,
The piques of Pride, or menaces of Power;
Spite of the giddy whirls of Chance or Fate,
The chains of Tyranny, or plots of State;
An host shall soon arise in Honour's cause,
And triumph o'er these scourgers of our laws;
Soon shall vindictive fury meet our crimes,
And purge th' Augean stable of the times.

Such

Such are at least the hopes and wishes of a Youthful Lover of his country, who looks with horror on the prevailing errors in it, and yet feels a conscious and penitential conviction that he is by no means exempted from the frailties of Nature, but, in common with his fellow-creatures, often adds a cubit to the stature of the above-mentioned national giant.

I believe I cannot conclude this little Essay with more decency, than by breathing my favourite wishes for a general alteration of the posture of affairs, in the more pleasing and pathetic language of Poetry; with which I also finish my other production.

Till the fortunate change so much to be desired happens, I cannot help persuading my countrymen to

— extend

— extend Benevolence afar,
 And make Morality their generous care.
 Oh ! that this care might universal be ;
 That all our species liv'd in harmony ;
 That the wide world outstretch'd, in moral aid,
 The cradling arm to shelter and to shade !
 That tender transport melted ev'ry soul,
 And one warm wish presided o'er the whole !
 That all th' opposing elements of Life,
 The gales of Rage, and hurricanes of Strife,
 Might cease ; and waft our barks on silken sail,
 And on Life's ocean one vast calm prevail !
 That mutual passions mutual charms might lend,
 And each to each be neighbour, father, friend ;
 Till love-cementing myriads made but one,
 By clay disparted from the Soul alone !

When this is the case (and, O Reader !
 do thou lend thy best endeavours that it
 may be the case !) then

— would each face be brighten'd into joy,
 And common interest gentle hearts employ ;

Eterna]

Eternal sunshine o'er each bosom play,
And ev'ry bliss illumine ev'ry day.

Thus the blest tenants of th' Olympian bow'rs
In one bright tenor pass their golden hours ;
Cherub with cherub morally agree,
And own the force of heav'nly sympathy.
Perhaps with mutual aid they rule the air ;
One tinge his cloud, a second launch his star ;
Others, light borne on the brisk breeze's wing,
Cut the cærulean æther as they sing ;
A third may other viewless worlds explore ;
And some with light feed planets as they soar ;
Soft silver sounds to harps heaven-manag'd play,
Or draw Night's curtains o'er the milky way.
Elyfian prospects glad their beamy sight,
Or breast the mansions of the Lord of Light.
Some mould the snow ; while some may form the hail ;
Some wing the storm ; some ventilate the gale ;
Feel their aerial bosoms gently glow,
As o'er Heav'n's arch they hang the curving bow ;
Some bid blue vapour quick convulse the skies,
The thunder volley, or the whirlwind rise,
Sport with young Zephir, Cynthia's orb adorn,
Or with fresh roses flush the flaming morn ;

I

While

While Heav'n's High King, well pleas'd, approves the song,
And guides the pastimes of the Angel Throng.

If any more sagacious Readers should perchance object to this description, as having too much of Imagination in it, it is hoped they will soften their censure, when told, that it was written at the most early time of life, when Fancy is so remarkably predominant, and her sister Judgment esteems her too young for the sageness of her instructions; the author being not yet more than twenty-one: A circumstance which will have its weight with the Candid and Considerate, when those inaccuracies which will be found in the course of this Work strike them; for it will occur to every man of Reason, that Precision and the exactest touch of Correction cannot be expected from Inexperience; and how can we

we imagine it possible to have in the green fruits of Spring the flavor and relish which are the presents of Summer, that are ripened by the steady ray of the sun, and pruned into their perfection by the diligent hand of that gardener, grown hoary in the service of the seasons of human life, Time?

F I N I S. /



